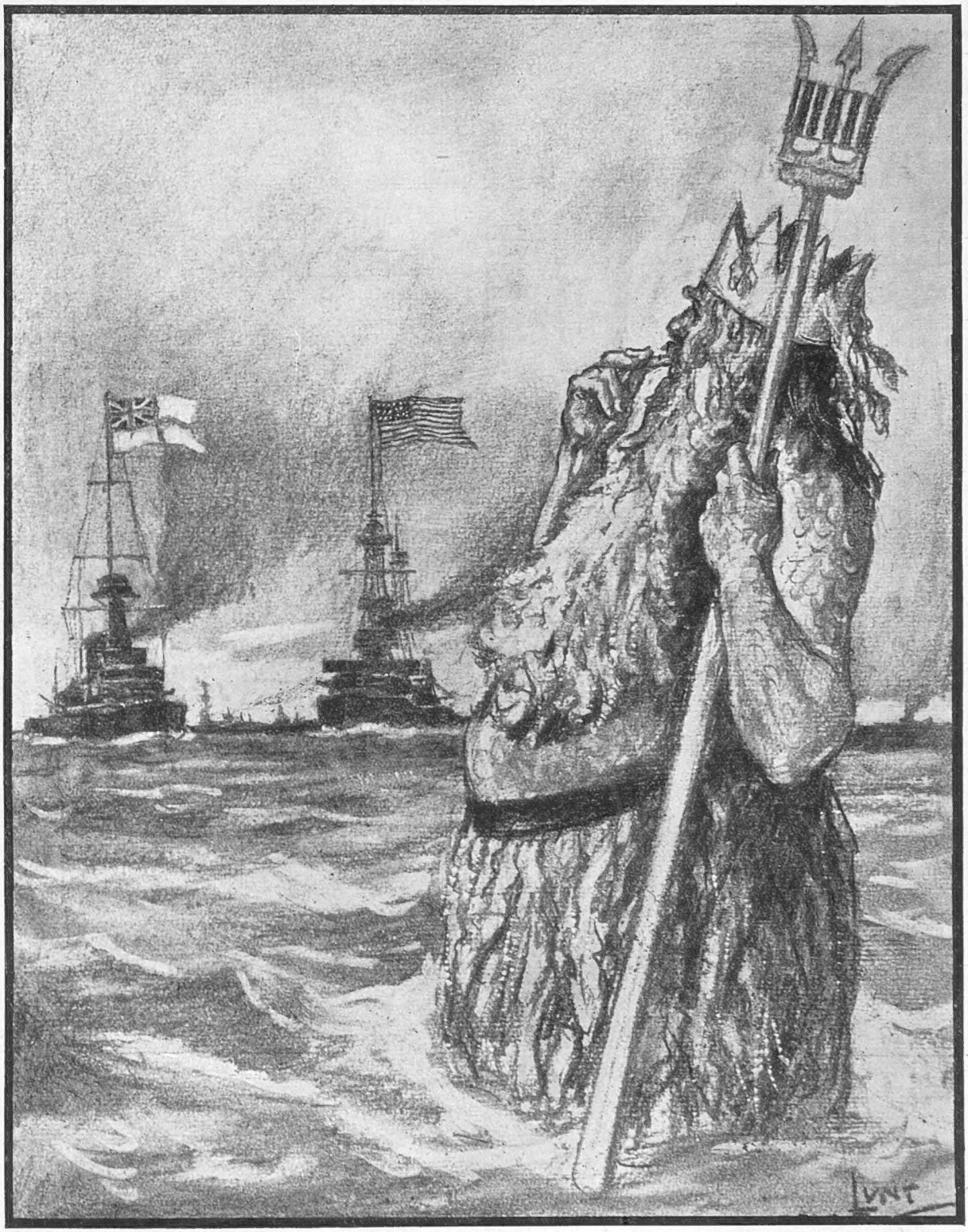
The Bystander, January 12, 1921. No. 893. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER



BY WILMOT LUNT

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS—A.D. 19—?

Chief Commissioner Neptune calls up his Special Constables of the Sea

[The "Sunday Times" suggests that there will be no need of big navies if Great Britain and America combine to police the seas—Ed.]

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). 2.30 & 7.45
KARSAVINA in "NURSERY RHYMES," WINSTON'S WATER LIONS, CELIA LOFTUS, TWO BOBS, FREDERIC BENTLEY & CO., CORNALLA & EDDIE, Etc.

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Three Performances Daily.
2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, January 10.
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ADELPHI. Nightly 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat. at 2.
"THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS."
W. H. BERRY, Lily St. John, Amy Augarde, GEORGE GROSSMITH.
Box Office 10 to 10. Gerrard 2645.

COURT THEATRE. SLOANE SQUARE STATION.
(Ger. 848). TWICE DAILY at 2 and 8.
J. B. FAGAN'S Production of
"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

DALY'S. (Ger. 201) "A SOUTHERN MAID,"
MARK LESTER, Etc.
Every Evening at 8. Matinées, Tues. and Sat. at 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). MARIE LÖHR.
in "FEDORA."
Every Evening at 8.30. Matinées, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3687). "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL."
A Musical Play.
EVERY EVENING at 8. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

NEW. MATHESON LANG in his GREAT SUCCESS
"THE WANDERING JEW."
E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play,
Nightly at 8.15. Matinées, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. PETER PAN.
DAILY at 2 till further notice, and THURS. EVENING at 8.
HENRY AINLEY. EDNA BEST.
SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 15, "DANIEL," a new play in 4 acts by LOUIS VERNEUIL.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). "A SAFETY MATCH,"
ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
To-morrow at 8. Matinées, Saturday and Thursday at 2.30.

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The Public are often puzzled as to the real value of investments held or about to be purchased, and it is common knowledge that the nature of a Stock Broker's business generally makes him play for safety by giving advice which is non-committal, and of very little use to his client. Bankers, Solicitors, etc., are only agents for the Stockbroker, and their information, therefore, is also generally of a non-committal nature.
The Financial Inquiry Bureau guarantees to give an unbiassed opinion on any security named, and honestly to answer any question on anything of a financial nature. Remember, we have no axe to grind; **WE ARE NOT TIPSTERS; neither are we interested in COMPANY PROMOTING, Etc.**
NOTE: We have no Shares for Sale. We neither Buy nor Sell any Class of Security, our business is solely to gather information for, and advise our clients.
If you desire advice or information on any financial matter, send your enquiry along to the Bureau. The minimum fee is 10/- per inquiry.
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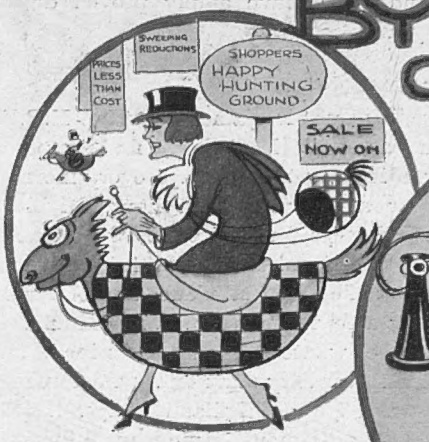
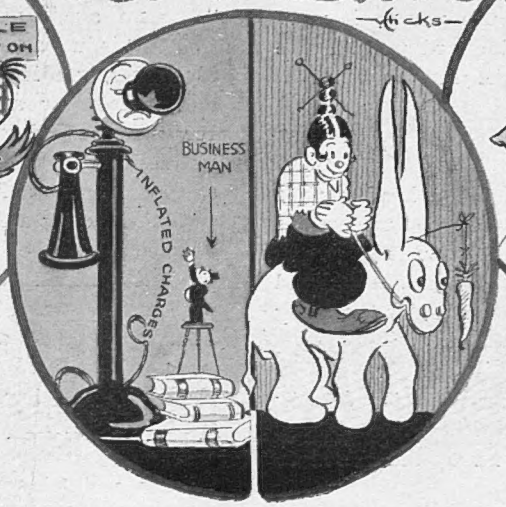
BYSTANDER COMMENTS

—Hicks—

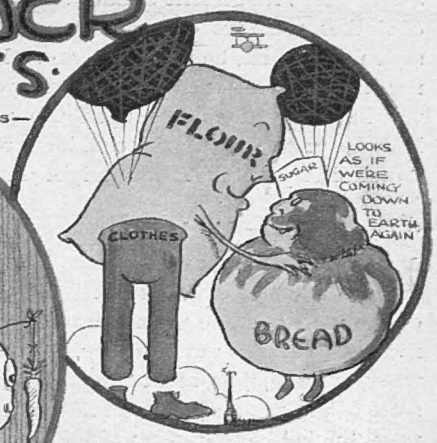


THE BARGAIN HUNTER TAKES THE FIELD



THE TELEPHONE GROWS HIGH AND MIGHTY

PANTOMIME IS GOING STRONG—



By Victor Hicks

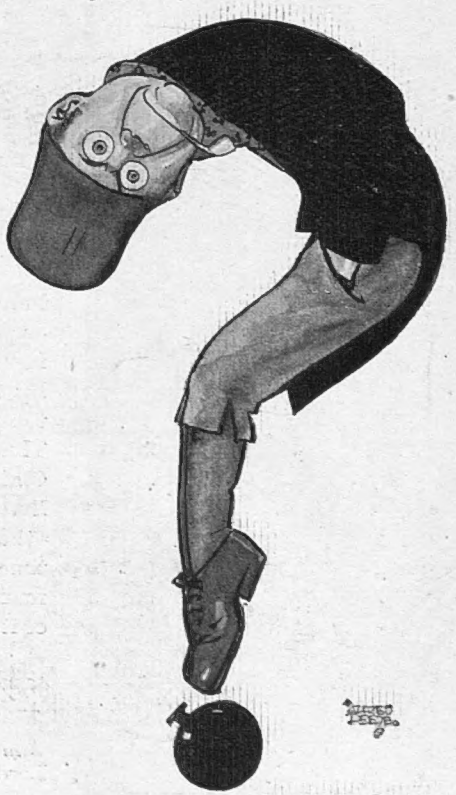
—WHILE PRICES ARE LESS FLIGHTY

Australian "Sunshine"!

NEVER again will I listen quietly, as often I have done, to an Australian criticising our climate and lauding his own land of beautiful sunshine. Never having been to Australia I have not been able to argue the point. But when a climate, with such a fine reputation, can, in the height of summer, let its own XI make 499 runs in blazing sunshine, and then turn on three inches of rain before the other side bats, what shall be said of it? It matters nothing whether the M.C.C. would have been beaten, anyway—that's not the point. But next time an Australian talks to me about our respective climates, I shall have something to say. Three inches!

Smillie's So-called "Socialism"

WITH the best will in the world, it is rather hard to understand Mr. Smillie. I see that up in Glasgow he has been warning the people who live in palaces that the time may come when "the workers" may want to live in palaces. I have never lived in palaces. I have been in several, and the parts I have seen always struck me as being very homeless and uncomfortable looking places. And you have only to look at the papers day by day to see that their owners are trying to sell them as fast as they can. The reason is obvious. Even to dust a quite ordinary palace somewhat sketchily before breakfast must need an army of dusters. Where are they to be found to-day? Whitehall seems to be the only place that can get an unlimited supply.



By Alfred Leete

THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR—SOMETIME—NEVER

Where are the Bricklayers?

MR. SMILLIE may have his eye on the New Poor, but, seriously, I warn him against palaces. At the same time Mr. Smillie warned the "upper classes" that it was their duty to assist in housing the people properly. Of course, he means the old "upper classes." But, unfortunately for them, perhaps, there is probably not a bricklayer among them. If Mr. Smillie's friends would let, or make, bricklayers lay bricks, and ex-Service men help them, we might get along with the housing much better.

Pictorial Purity

WHAT will be left of some of the American films when the orders of the new National Motion Picture League have been complied with seems a bit of a problem. From a scientific point of view the film must be accurate, scenes of killing, "gun-play," and of cruelty are forbidden. All titles and letterpress must be grammatical and free from profanity and vulgar slang. This last condition must kill miles of reels. That scenes showing men and women drinking should be barred is only right in a prohibition country—it simply shows a decent regard for the feelings of the spectators. That women must not be shown smoking simply foreshadows the second step in prohibition. The ban on profanity, which includes the frequent d——, means that Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* can never be properly filmed for the States. The pity of it!

Grandiose Sir Eric

I WONDER how many of us have thought of trying to do

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

a little deal with Sir Eric Geddes? A couple of suits of clothes, some trousers and some shirts, which were stolen from him, he valued at £10. It really made my mouth water—with a little cutting down—but no, the influence of clothes upon the wearer is well-known, and few of us could afford to risk the "grandiosity" Sir Eric's might inspire in us.

"The Dignity of Labour"

LOOK on this picture:—

The clerks employed at London headquarters of the various trade unions have formed themselves into a Guild. To put it briefly, they want £5 5s. per week, or more, now, and to be placed on a substantial scale of progressive remuneration, in order that they may "uphold the dignity of labour."

And on this:—

The Committee of the Additional Curates' Society announce that in 700 aided parishes the stipends of married men in most cases have been raised to £250.

And these are the lucky ones. Has a Clerk in Holy Orders a cheaper dignity than that of the clerk in a trade union office?

Peace on Ball-bearings

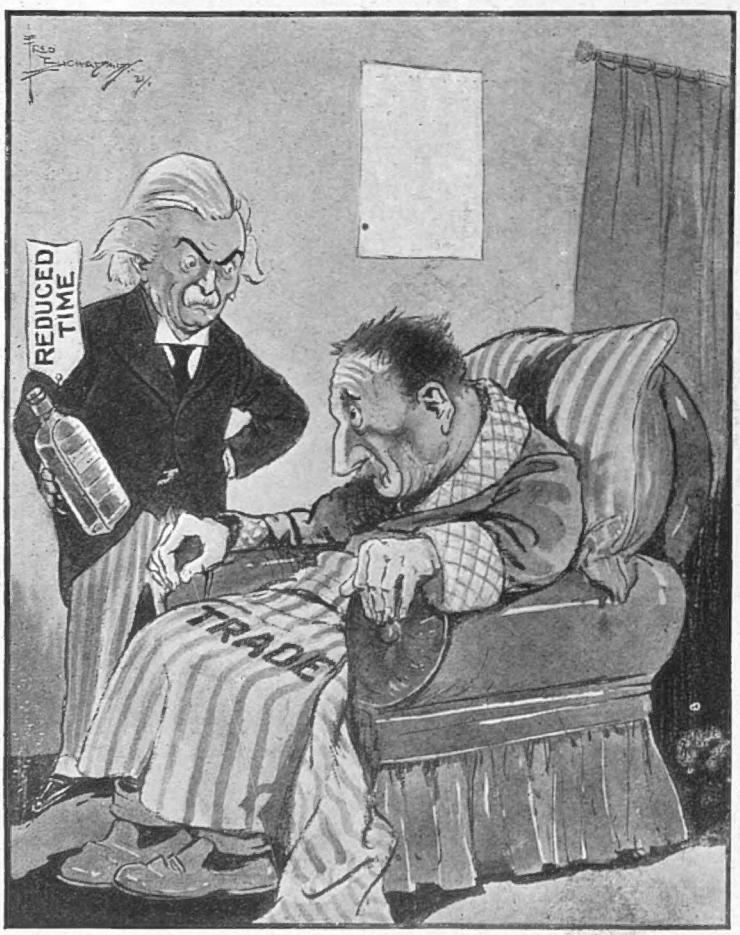
THE Peace ought to be running much more smoothly than it is, for it is certainly equipped with the finest ball-bearing gear ever known, as the Albert Hall, Covent Garden, and all the London hotels, big and little, have amply proved during the last two years.

Youth Eternal

"OLD age," says Sir James Cantlie, K.B.E., "is just a pose." Most people find it a poser. Sir James, who is 70, gets up at 4.30 every morning and dances for a quarter of an hour, Highland Flings and strathspeys for choice. Now he invites business and professional men over fifty years of age to go to the College of Ambulance and be taught youthfulness by a septuagenarian. The ambulances will certainly be wanted if many business and professional men over fifty start on a wild career of physical jerks and 4 a.m. Highland Flings. Better had they, like a famous American humorist, go for a rest to some quiet spot and listen to their arteries hardening, which was his way of spending a holiday.

Dances and Dinners at Ninety-five

BUT if things go on much longer as they are, business men will soon be forced to take refuge where the system apparently rivals even that of Sir James Cantlie and the College of Ambulance in its old age efficiency. I see that Mr. James Mackie, an inmate of Morpeth Workhouse, has been in the institution for 95 years. He was born there in 1826, and has never missed his Christmas dinner. I wonder if James—not Sir James—dances strathspeys at 4.30 a.m.!



"QUACK, QUACK!" By FRED BUCHANAN

DOCTOR LL.G.: "What you really want is more exercise—you should work harder; but, in the meantime, take this"

"Ugliness" Not Appreciated

PEOPLE are talking about Miss Nellie Wallace, now appearing in *Aladdin* at the Hippodrome, as if London had never seen her before. I remember her well in several engagements at the old Tivoli not so very many years ago—a dozen or so perhaps? Her great cleverness was recognised at once, but, yes there was a "but"—did we quite like then to see a woman looking quite so—what shall I say, "plain" seems hardly strong enough?—as Miss Wallace courageously made herself to look? Perhaps we have changed in the interval, or perhaps the background and surroundings of pantomime make the difference. By the way, his many friends were glad to see "Joe" Wilson, the manager of the Tivoli in those days in Town about Christmas time. Joe has retired and lives in Dorsetshire. Guns and dogs and other country delights now occupy his time. He could give us some interesting reminiscences if he would devote a little of it to them.

Isaacs-i-Hind

ENDLESS gossip, and at least one newspaper attack, accompanied Lord Reading's consideration of the Viceroyalty. While there are only a few thousand Jews in India—and some of them of mixed blood—there is a strong

BY E. T. REED

"OUR COLLECTORS" AGAIN; OR, ISAACS-I-HIND

EARL OF READING L.C.J. *(regarding his proffered transmutation)*: **"Rufus, my boy, thou art indeed translated! !—still, thou hast some Eastern blood and some Push-too!"**

Semitic strain in many races in that part of the world, notably in the Afghans, who show it in their instinct for trading. Solomon's navies are supposed to have gone to India, but the first Jew to settle there was Jacob Semah, who went from Bagdad to Surat in 1680. The Sassoons, who are supposed to be Spanish, migrated from Bagdad to Bombay in 1832. Of course, but for the Oriental imagination of Disraeli, Queen Victoria might never have added "Empress of India" to her "style."

The New Italian Ambassador

DIPLOMACY in general is, indeed, full of surprises these days, and the appointment of Commendatore de Martino to the Italian Embassy in succession to the Marquis Imperiali is a bit of an innovation. The Commendatore, who has done good work at the Italian Foreign Office and at Berlin, comes to us with the open mind which characterises the younger diplomacy. The sporting and hunting side of English life will make a strong appeal to him, for he is a fine horseman. When you see a very smart little Arab in the Row, you may be sure it is His Excellency's. Not since the death of Lord Roberts's "Volonel," which figured in the Diamond Jubilee procession, have Londoners been familiar with Arabs—except in *The Garden of Allah*.

Photograph *G.P.A.*

A SPANISH WEDDING

The Duke of Penaranda (Count of Montijo) and his bride after their marriage in Spain. The Duke is a brother of the Duke of Alba, a descendant of the Royal Stuarts, who was recently married at the Spanish Embassy in London. The Duke of Penaranda is a keen polo player

Photograph *Lafayette*

ENGAGED

Miss Cicely Violet Cotterell, whose marriage to Captain Adrian Bethell of the 2nd Life Guards, takes place on January 29th at the Chapel Royal, Savoy. Miss Cotterell is the second daughter of Sir John and Lady Evelyn Cotterell

Photograph *Compton Collier*

THE HON. DORIS MEYSEY-THOMPSON

Third daughter of Lord and Lady Knaresborough, is to be married to Capt. Francis Egerton, only son of Mr. W. F. and Lady Alice Egerton, on February 8th

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Heaving Bricks at Society

If you want to gain the willing ear of the British public you have only to abuse two things—the Government and Society. But you gain more ears if you abuse Society. The pity of it all is that the people who dip their pens in criticism and throw nasty blots about know nothing about Society. They write about what *they* think is Society. And, to quote a former British Ambassadress in Rome when some of her countrywomen appeared at an Embassy ball in tweed walking-dresses, "Poor darlings, they don't know!"

Society is a long-suffering institution. It knows that the abuse showered upon it comes either from those it has cast out or won't let in, and goes its way ignoring or being amused by horrid newspaper descriptions of its "sins." Week after week in a contemporary an anonymous author is writing articles upon a world and the men and women in it, of whose lives he apparently knows little at first hand.

If a costermonger was had up for beating his wife; if a commercial traveller were divorced by his wife; if a grocer were convicted of playing crown and anchor between his cheeses and flitches of bacon, this self-elected moral housemaid would never dream of writing articles on "The Brutality of Costermongers," "The Immorality of Commercial Travellers," or "The Canker of Gambling Amongst Grocers." But let the cousin four times removed of a baronet box his wife's ears, let an earl be divorced, and the heir to a marquisate be seen "plunging" at Monte Carlo, and the aforesaid anonymous one and his fellows instantly write columns to show that Society is without hope, faith, morality, or any kind of decency.

The actual truth is that if every class in England could be judged you would find that they were all much of a muchness in goodness and badness.

> Hearts just as pure and fair,
> May beat in Belgrave Square,
> As in the lowly air.

Photograph *Sport and General*

PEERESS AS GAOL VISITOR

The Marchioness of Londonderry was recently appointed the first woman member of the justices' visiting committee of Durham Gaol

Spreading Class Hatred

A barrister with a large practice in the Divorce Court told me recently, that, taking class

Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

BUSY CUPID

The engagement is announced between Lady Marjorie Kennedy, daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Merriam, and Laurence Pierce Brooke Merriam, M.C., late Rifle Brigade, and younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Merriam

Photo *L. N. A.*

PEER ENGAGED

A charming portrait of Miss Daisy Finola Meeking, whose engagement to Captain Lord Somers, D.S.O., M.C., 1st Life Guards, has just recently been announced

with class, there were a far larger number of divorces amongst what are generically termed the middle-classes than amongst the upper. But middle-class divorces are very rarely reported in the newspapers.

Photograph *Alfieri*

ROYALTY AT LAST WEEK'S BIG WEDDING

Princess Christian was at the wedding of Mr. John Menzies Wilson, 2nd Life Guards, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, Miss Sylvia James, who is very well known in society, wore a white tissue dress of especial charm. Men of the bridegroom's regiment formed the guard of honour

Photograph *Reginald Silk*

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF READING

About whom there were, last week, so many rumours in connection with the post of Viceroy of India. He was created a Knight in 1910, a Baron four years later, and a Viscount in 1916, culminating in an Earldom three years ago

On the other hand, every "Society" divorce case is blazoned by posters and large headlines. And these are the sources of information of such writers.

As I have said, Society goes its way, unheeding these repeated attacks, but journalists and authors who write this stuff are doing enormous harm to the country. The readers of the type of newspapers which publish their tirades and charges are people who know nothing whatever of the lives and responsibilities of the upper classes. They would be roused to fury if such things were written of their own class—the failings of the few cast wholesale upon the shoulders of the many. But they accept and believe as incontrovertible truth anything and everything that is written against "Society." The result is the fostering and spreading of class hatred. And I am afraid it is nly those who stand outside the palings looking enviously through the cracks who "treat with virtuous scorn [in print] the well-connected."

A Modern Peril of Ostentation

I can't summon up a particle of sympathy for the women who lose, or are robbed of, jewels worth thousands of pounds at

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE PRINCE ENCOURAGES TRADE

The Prince of Wales recently paid a visit to the Foreign Samples Exhibition of the Overseas Department, Board of Trade at Old Bailey. He is seen examining one of the exhibits, a fearsome looking weapon

Photograph *Central News*

CURLING MATCH AT MURREN

Sir Frederick Lobnitz is an enthusiastic participant of this "sweeping" game. Curling has many followers, for it is a sport that can be indulged in by old and young, whereas tobogganing—well, it is just a little strenuous

public dances in hotels or restaurants. There have been a good many cases lately, which have not been reported in the newspapers. But if some of the possessors of fine jewels now repining their loss had a little more observant they would have noticed that no dame of the *haute volée* ever wears anything elaborate in the way of jewellery at the public dances now so much the vogue. Of course, such dances may afford certain possessors of fine jewels—perhaps newly acquired—their only opportunity of wearing them, but they would be wiser to forgo the pleasure of display. If they do they gain a double benefit—they avoid the ostentation of new riches and their jewels repose in their own safes instead of in the hands of thieves and the receivers of stolen goods.

Concerning Hunt Balls

WE are moving in times of odd topsy-turveydom. In London most of the dances take place in hotels: in the country the Hunt balls in many cases are being given this year in country houses, lent for the purpose, in place of the usual Assembly Rooms or time-honoured hostelry of the county town.

The Duke of Westminster is lending Eaton Hall to the Cheshire folk, and as the Queen created history by attending a Hunt ball for the first time last week, when the West Norfolk danced at Hillington Hall, near Sandringham, the innovation is likely to become popular.

Photograph *Central News*

SIR IAN MALCOLM

Sir Ian (right) has had a distinguished political career, and up to 1919 was member for Croydon. When not in the vicinity of the skating rink at Murren or other Swiss resorts he amuses himself by playing racquets and cricket. He is also an excellent shot

Photograph *M. H. Raymond*

MRS. FORRESTER-AGAR AT ST. MORITZ

The wife of the famous ice-hockey international, who is very well known in the Argentine as well as over here

The Ideal Place

A well-appointed country house such as Hillington, or a palace like Eaton is certainly a better *mise-en-scène* for a Hunt ball than the usual Assembly Rooms with their draughty anti-rooms and make-shift sitting-out accommodation.

The owner of the house has no

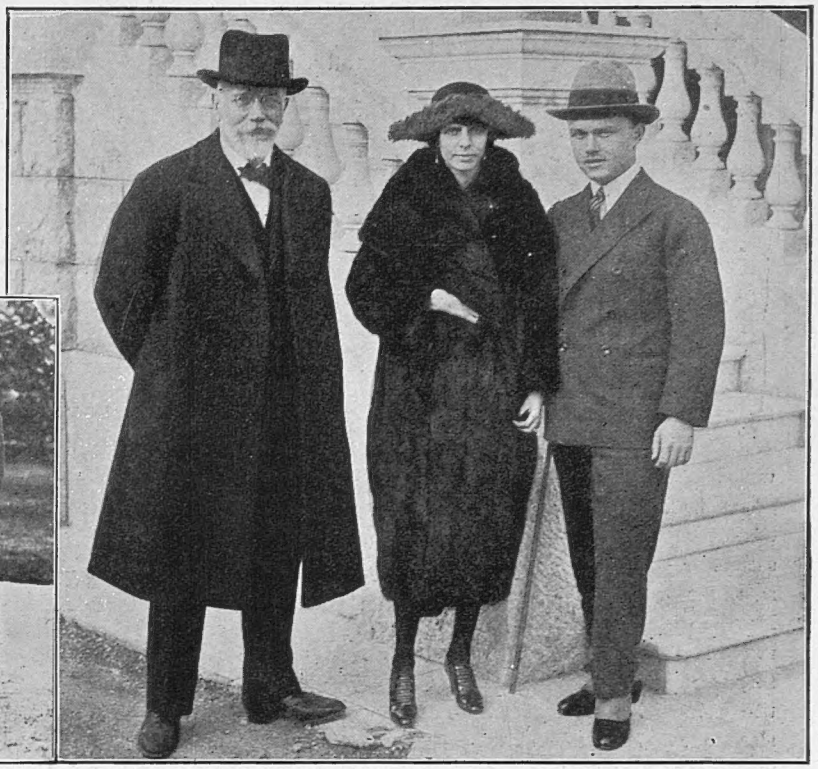
trouble—not even that of receiving the guests, the wife of the Master acting as hostess—and the Hunt, of course, provides the supper.

Speaking of hunting I noticed last week that out of sixteen runs by as many different packs between Friday and Monday, the fox got away in fourteen of them.

Photograph *E. Navello*

AT THE BEAULIEU TENNIS TOURNAMENT

From left to right can be seen Miss Aird, Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman Newman and Sir John Aird, who is the General Manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce



Photograph *Topical Press*

EX-PREMIER OF GREECE IN EXILE

M. Venizelos is here seen with his son and daughter-in-law, who were recently married. They are standing outside the steps of his villa "Xoulces" at Nice

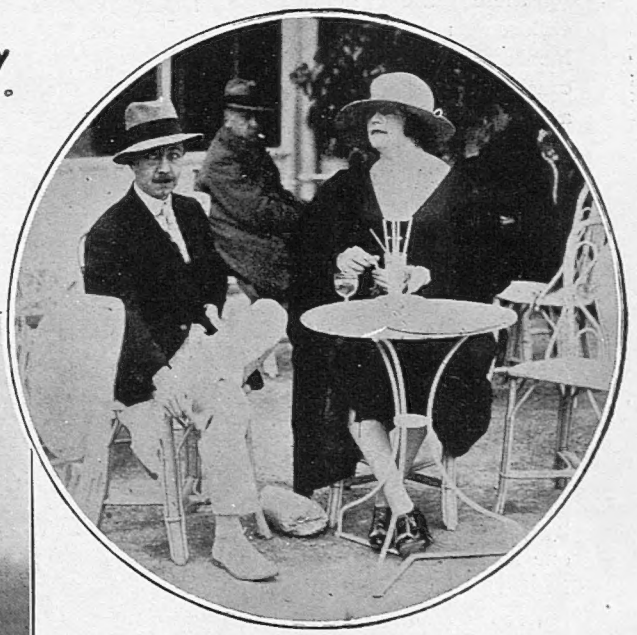
On the Riviera.

THE man who writes the truth about the Riviera will achieve a reputation beyond the dreams of journalism—I had almost said avarice. The truth is never pretty; that's the reason steaks are tough in third-class restaurants. The truth about the Russian ballet—the truth about my lady's age—the truth about the Riviera. No! No! This is an epoch of delusion, snare, and middle-class poetry, and we would have only the glamour of life, the aigrette and the *soufflé—et jamais, jamais embrasser à pleine bouche!* "The sink of wealth!" No! No! the truth is not in us. However, you can sink about as much wealth here as any place on earth, and not have *caviar* nightly, either. No wonder there are those who came hither with good purses who now eagerly accept the 60frs. per day given by Famous-Players Lasky for "supering"—and a good lunch included. The film folk have added a reckless gaiety to these azure shores. Mary Glyn is here as sweet as though still "our" Tilly in Bloomsbury. Dainty Marion May is ever reminding us that there *are* pretty lassies in old England. But the weather has been "agin" the "fans," and where there has possibly been beer there have not been many skittles in the cinema projects down here this season.

Photograph *Topical Press*

GOLF AT MONT ANGEL

The Riviera rivals Switzerland in the number of various sports it offers for visitors' amusement. The eminent American judge, Lush Wilson, is seen about to "approach the ball"

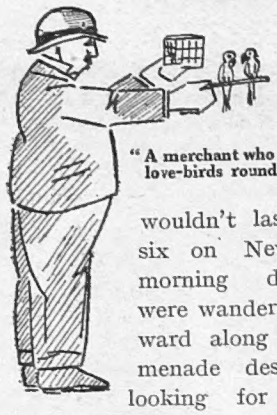


Photograph] **LADY TICHBORNE** *[E. Navello*

And her husband outside the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo. Flannels, sunshades, iced drinks! And some weather prophets here have been heard to murmur, "It may freeze!"

Réveillons are over! There were the usual carousals and ice-water for breakfast. Quite eventless: no one lost any pearls; but they kept them up till the money

ON THE RIVIÈRA (concluded)



"A merchant who brings the wee love-birds round the café's"

wouldn't last, and at six on New Year's morning dress-suits were wandering homeward along the Promenade des Anglais, looking for all the world as though their wearers were going to French funerals. Something accomplished, something done had earned a night at the Savoy. Darkie jazz bands had played themselves pink, but 1921 was with us, and the price of nothing had lessened. *Les réveillons* were *absolument féerique —je ne pense pas!*

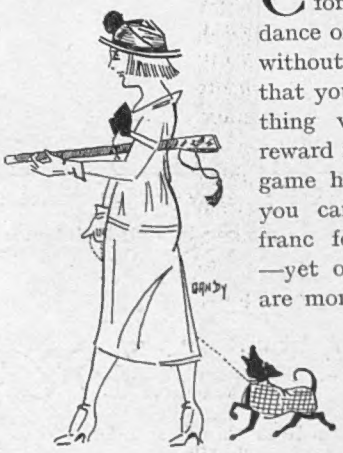
IT has been said that there are neither children nor birds at Monte Carlo. It is a cruel criticism. *Birds* of a kind—yes; but of the sort which makes early morning miserable—there certainly are few. One almost blesses that well-known merchant of feathers who brings the wee love-birds round the cafés. They look like glasses of green *chartreuse*. In the midst of so much exquisite artificiality even the birds are only comparable to liqueurs.

THE affectation of the stick, said to have been introduced by swagger Russian refugees, is one of the smartest vogues of the day. These vary in size here according to the hips and girth generally, of the lady who sports the wand. If she overflows at every opportunity she carries the willow variety; if she "flaps" and is slender, she chooses the unwieldy bludgeon—one of those unaccountable incongruities—just as women with big ankles never have a sense of humour and girls over fifty insist on wearing pink.

ALL Nice was agog just lately over the *périlleuse descente en parachute* of Jean Ors! Incidentally, he fell on the roof of La Jetée—*poussé par le vent! "Triomphe inimaginable, succès prodigieux, élan grandiose,"* etc., etc. Eighty thousand people witnessed this feat. *"Zut!"* as the French say. What about the thousands of airmen in the late War? Really, for adjectives the Niçois is more perilous than any *descente en parachute* whatever.

THE War is, indeed, much forgotten. The reign of the uniform is over. No doubt it was much abused and the fair are having their own back, so to speak—the much-waisted (of what *modiste* do Continental knuts buy their garments?) civilian gets all the attention these days, and the hero of yesterday displays his medals in vain. A very neglected lieutenant ventured to make a brief remark on the subject to a pretty minx the other day. I couldn't make out what he said, but she replied distinctly, "You're another!" So they were quits, anyway.

"The lady who sports the wand"



"If the 'flaps' she chooses the unwieldy bludgeon"

"The picturesque 'she,' who sells flowers, were both frozen"

THE cold snap rather took the bloom off the *Réveillons* this Christmas. Flowers brought Bond Street prices, and were imported from Italy, and mandarines as well as the picturesque "she" who sells them were frozen in the markets. But the sun was shining all the time!

AND the smartest lassies made use of the popular Victorian carriage parasol, in order to keep their rouge from melting. Such are the bronchial vagaries of this famous climate.

CASINOS have become an asylum for heroes. In companies they dance on one leg to serve you, and without arms manage to open doors that you may pass. There's something very touching about this reward for valour. Even when the game has gone bang against you you can't resist parting with a franc for such services rendered—yet one can't help thinking they are more worthy a higher, more dignified form of gratitude. Just there the War is not forgotten. Perhaps in a Cenotaphical world it is well to be reminded that there are those who *lived through it.*

EVERYBODY—that is, everybody who rackets—was at Beaulieu for the tournament. Weather splendid. Society less miscellaneous than usual. Sport keenly represented. Suzanne, rather smart for her. La Grande Duchesse Anastasie, La Princess Waldeck! Results: 1st prize, Acquarone (Cannes); 2nd prize, Negro (Nice); 3rd prize, Ch. Ridding (Beaulieu) and A. Burke (Marseilles)

"Made use of the parasol to keep their rouge from melting"

Paradise and Purgatory Too

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

MONTE CARLO

A city of sun, of light and laughter, greedy avarice and bored indulgence, of happy romance, and, alas! of hideous tragedy. At the moment, English and American visitors are pouring into this glorious pleasure resort on the borders of the one and only Mediterranean. A photograph of unusual charm taken from the Riviera Palace. The Casino can be seen clearly

A NEW TERROR

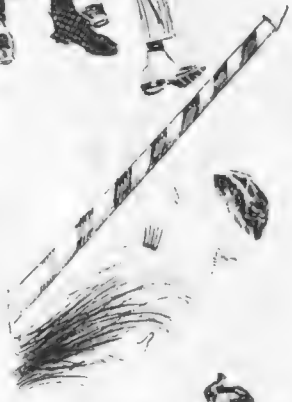
BY A. A. THOMSON

In the Philippine Islands the wearing of trousers has been made compulsory — with heavy penalties for delinquency.

THE gentle Philippine lays stress
On certain articles of dress,
And makes their use *de rigueur*;
Soon we shall see the latest mode
Enforced by some grim penal code,
Which prosecutes with vigour.

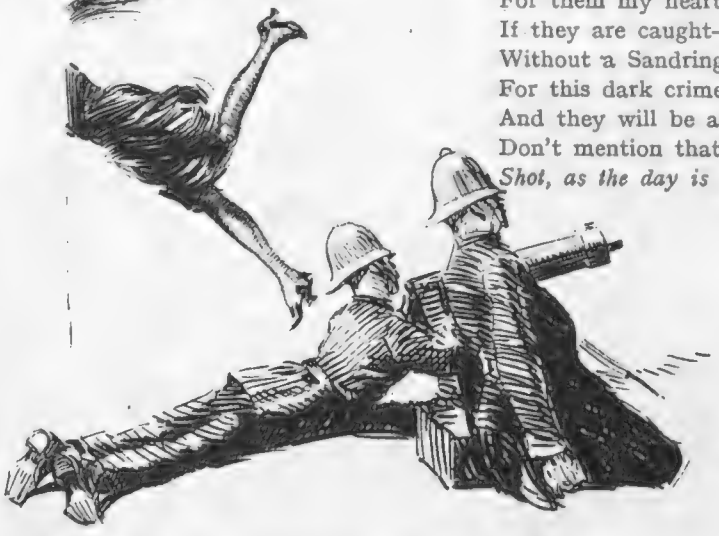
Each day from early dawn till dark
A fierce P.C. will haunt the Park;
(Oh, may we all this cop shun!)
If you go forth without your spats,
He'll say: "The penalty for that's
One month without the option."

If your cravat is not quite straight,
Swift punishment will be your fate,
And if your shirts and collars
Are not of the official hue,
You'll promptly be subjected to
A fine of forty dollars.



The maiden rash with unbobbed hair,
The reckless criminals who wear
A lounge suit in the City,
Will find themselves at once pursued
And sent to penal servitude,
For they deserve no pity.

Yet in my heart compassion stirs
T'wards luckless actor-manag-*ers*;
For them my heart is aching.
If they are caught—ah, bitter woe!—
Without a Sandringham *chapeau*,
For this dark crime their blood shall flow,
And they will be at one fell blow—
Don't mention that I told you so—
Shot, as the day is dawning.



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. VI.—WHEN THE "BOGEY MAN" REALLY CAME TO FETCH THE BAD LITTLE BOY

Tango and Tarantella Too

BY HELEN McKIE

THE DANCING CRAZE IN ITALY

From the proverbial peasant to the plutocratic prince, dancing in Italy holds everyone in its all-embracing charm. The former indulge in the Tarantella, the native dance, while the latter steep themselves in such modern machinations as the fox-trot and tango

"One poor rat is victim of the hunt of a week"

The BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CAROTID

MES AMIS—

THE things that do never happen regularly have happened in Paris. There has been a new plague. People have done what should not be possible to do. Others have stopped one from doing what one should be able easily to do. The rat plague has lost interest to the plague of *sorcellerie*. All the world has been so busy to practise the new magic that only one poor rat is victim of the hunt of a week. And I hear that he would have been able to make safely his *petit trou* if he had not been so foolish to experiment his power of the "evil eye" on a *chiffonnier*.

IT is all to blame, or to praise, on Johnny Coulon, who has started the rage. I think it is more to praise than to blame, because it has brought to Paris a costless amusement that has had the value of an expensive excitement, at a time when the pleasure of one evening has cost the salary of a week. *Bienvenu!* Johnny Coulon, *lutteur* against the *vie chère*.

THE new *culte* has first of all attacked the professors. Spectacled and long-haired *savants* have invited Johnny to their lecture-rooms to solve this mystery of the little David that could not be lifted by the Goliath. They have made him turn up his sleeves to show there has been nothing concealed. Then they have made him take off his *affaires* to be sure there is no electric storage battery around his waist. Having found there is no machinery in any corners they have bent their heads over their chests and have stroked reflectively their soft white beards. Then they have sent Johnny away, and have made long notes full of large words, which they have communicated to the newspapers. And no one has understood them. Except to realise that the professors have not been able to discover Johnny's secret.

IT has then occurred to overyone at once that it might be possible to copy Johnny's method, especially as the modest little boxing champion has said he has not known how the mysterious power has come but has stumbled into it by accident. There has been much searching in the *dictionnaires* for the place to find the carotid artery. And so soon as that has been learned there has been a demand for the office boy, who has been instructed how to do the Johnny Coulon. What is not much usual in such imitations, it has been found that the experiment has been a success, and the office boy has become as impossible to lift as a giant.

"To the scenes of jealousy"

THIS has led in all the offices and workshops to the discussions and the demonstrations with no end until the office boy has come to think himself the most important person in the operation. He has become impertinent, and has demanded *pourboires*. So has been introduced the element of the feminine. In its absence, of course, no Parisian event can be complete.

THE person nearest in lightness to the office boy is, I do scarcely need to tell you, the *dactylographe*. Thus there has been an office deputation to the *déesse de la machine*. It has been explained to her that she can render service to the glorious cause of science if she

"Instead of keeping her finger-tip immovable"

will allow herself to be taken by the waist and lifted, and again taken by the waist and not lifted (by resting her fingers on the *artère carotide*). After a little show of coquettish shyness the *demoiselle* of the typewriter has permitted herself to be persuaded that she owes this *petit sacrifice* to immortal science. (And, after all, are there not some *hommes charmants* in the office and an introduction by the waist is no more shocking than to make an acquaintance under the mistletoe ?)

WITH so dainty subjects for experiment it is not to be surprised at that the vogue of the Coulon lift has spread, and I am informed by a woman writer, who collects this sort of statistics, that among the lady typists Johnny is the most popular man who has ever visited Paris.

I AM told that the demonstrations have in some cases led to the scenes of jealousy, but *que voulez vous?* There are some persons who are never content with their own *tour*, and have always the anxiety to declare that someone else has had a longer one. But if the elderly worshippers at the shrine of science have imagined that the *dactyle* has been stroking sympathetically the throat of the good-looking young junior, instead of keeping her finger-tip immovable on his carotid, it is scarcely of the *galanterie française* to call attention to it. Much better to remember the triumphs of their youth. If there was then no Johnny Coulon there were other methods.

CERTAINLY at the present there have been other methods, or, at the least, variations of the Johnny Coulon puzzle. Always there are people who have believed they can do something more clever. In this example it has been a matter of lifting a heavy person with no effort instead of not lifting a light person in spite of effort. All that has been necessary is for two experimenters to blow under the heavy one twenty times and then they could lift the person with just the index fingers.

THIS accomplishment, I do admit, is very wonderful, but it has not at all become popular. That is little surprising. It has the wrong sort of medium. It is no test of skill to be able to blow aloft a feather-weight typist. So it becomes necessary to call in the aid of the corpulent *femme de ménage*. *Quel désastre* to romance !

"The golden haired princess and the love-sick page"

WHILE on the other hand the carotid mystery is frought with interesting possibilities. Let us think how useful it would have been in *le temps jadis*. When the robber baron was running away with the golden-haired princess, all that has been necessary for the love-sick page has been to seize the left wrist of the brutal bounder with one hand and gently place the fore-finger of the other on his carotid. Whereupon his fair burden has become impossible to hold, and he has stamped angrily away. The ladye faire has awakened only from her swoon to gaze in the eyes of the now revealed lover, when the gnashing teeth of the thwarted brigand have ceased to echo down the valley. ROLAND

Famous Fiction Characters

BROUGHT TO LIFE UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Mr. Robinson Crusoe gets a call from the man about his gun licence

A Pleasing "Fan"tasy

Exclusive to The Bystander

MISS IVY DUKE

Of cinema fame, has done much for the English film, and with Guy Newall has completed many notable productions. She will be seen in "The Garden of Resurrection," by E. Temple Thurston, which is to be released next week, and which promises to be a fine example of home-produced films

THE CHARM SCHOOL

AT THE COMEDY

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

MR. PETER BEVANS, as represented by Mr. Owen Nares, is a motor dealer with ideas. It says so on the programme, so that the statement may be taken as what the late Mr. Euclid would have called an axiom. I mean, you don't have to argue about it. Mr. Bevans is a young man, and it may therefore be superfluous to add that he has a scheme for remodelling to an advantageous extent the educational system of the world. I know the feeling well, because I was once young myself, and at that time I could have established a perfect system of government in this country in about ten minutes. Peter's idea is that the education of girls as carried on nowadays is all wrong. I do not myself know what is taught at the average seminary for young ladies, but as far as my personal experience goes, the girls don't seem to have missed much. Peter objects to the system that compels a young and lovely girl to absorb such indigestible mental pabulum as mixed mathematics, or still more mixed geography. His theory is that all a girl needs to be taught is how to make herself charming. Most of them no doubt are satisfied that they are charming already without having been taught; but vanity was ever the attribute of the sex.

PETER'S roommates in the bachelor's maisonette at Bloomsbury are inclined to ridicule his ideas and to feel disposed to congratulate the world on the fact that he will never have a chance to put them into practice. Then comes the startling news that Peter's elderly maiden aunt had died and has willed and bequeathed him her estate, which, curiously enough, includes a high-class school for girls. Peter decides to enter into possession of his inheritance forthwith. He will take his place at the head of the school and sternly point out to the young ladies the path that they will in future be required to tread. He appoints one of his chums, David Mackenzie, as Professor of History, another chum, represented breezily by Mr. Kenneth Kent, as mathematical master, and the twins, Jim and Tim, as dancing master and gymnasium instructor respectively.

(Continued on page 82)

A Sartori

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU ARRI

l Sideslip

E AT A DANCE IN A DINNER JACKET

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

He takes this course not because he thinks these are subjects that need to be taught in the school, but because he wants to find his friends jobs. Must have graduated in Whitehall! They are to keep their places with proper dignity and there is to be no flirting. Many a young man, however, has decided that there shall be no flirting, and then the girl has decided otherwise. And that is what happens to Peter. When he first addresses the young ladies they know him for what he is, an eligible bachelor, and as he is supposed to be very handsome as well, they simply fall over each other in their hurry to catch the speaker's eye.

THEN we come to Elise Challoner, a quite distinguished performance by Miss Meggie Albanesi. Elise flings herself into the fray with an ardour that gives the poor chap practically no chance of escape. She never seems to consider that the issue of the conflict is for a moment in doubt. I do not think I have ever before seen an eligible man so surely and so relentlessly tracked down by a designing young female. And withal, Elise's method is delicacy itself. She is coy and maidenly, and all that, but she fixes the young man with her glad eye as the snake fascinates its victim with its hypnotic stare. Peter, sitting at his writing desk, lays down the law that no girl must interview him unless accompanied by all the others at the same time, as you can't be too careful. And a few moments later there is Elise all by herself kneeling nonchalantly on a chair in front of him asking him to do her a favour. Peter tries to shake the girl off by criticising her spelling in the presence of the headmistress, in the hope that that will make the girl look cheap and small. But when the mistress suggests that Elise shall write a letter every day in order to improve her orthography, the girl jumps at the notion. The very thing! As Peter is the principal of the school she will write to him every day, and he shall go through her letter with her and point out where her spelling has run off the line. And then she goes to her room, and writes to him of the lovely moon that is rising in the evening sky, and all that sort of thing. If he had been a rare butterfly pinned down in a cabinet, she could not have got him more securely.

ONE day Elise runs away from school, and Peter, as the principal, naturally starts in pursuit of her. This leads to an amusing little interlude in which by means of clever trick-lighting, we have the illusion of Peter and Elise sitting in a trap, driving back

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (concluded)

to the school at a late hour at night. Every time the imaginary horse starts forward in response to a flick of the whip, the two are rocked in their seats, and Elise is very careful to arrange matters so that at the end of each rock her head shall land on Peter's shoulder. If there is any detail that she overlooks in the gentle art and mystery of coaxing a proposal from a man, I did not notice it. But if this is going to be the new system of female education it seems to me it will add a new terror to life for quite a lot of us. You won't be able to put your head outside the door presently without one of them coming up and asking you to name the day.

Almost able and amusing performance is that of Miss Sydney Fairbrother as the school secretary, a middle-aged spinster, who keeps the account books, and complains that she makes the addition of the columns come to a different total every time. She shares the tender feelings of the younger ladies for the new principal, though hers is, of course, a hopeless attachment. But David Mackenzie, the history master, sees in the dear soul a charm that has not hitherto been apparent to any others of his sex, and urges his suit accordingly. This scene played with perfect art by Miss Fairbrother and Mr. David Miller as Mackenzie, is one of the gems of the evening.

The twins, Jim and Tim, played by Mr. Hugh Dempster and Mr. Ronald Hammond, very soon find themselves in hot water. One of them is charged with the grave offence of having asked one of the girls to accompany him to "the pictures." She says she would rather like to go as she has never yet been to such a show. It then transpires that the other twin took her to the pictures only the evening before. Reminds you of the girl who likes to be taught swimming every year at the seaside, and who conscientiously unlearns every winter all that she has learned the preceding summer, like Penelope and her web, as it were. Mr. Owen Nares is, of course, his usual imperturbable self, gliding easily through the play without any excess of emotion. But I think the honours of the evening are with Miss Albanesi who handles a really difficult part with a dexterity that makes it seem really alive. And delightfully amusing at that.

The play itself is of American origin, and would seem to have flourished on its native heath owing to particular local conditions that may not be found to prevail on this side of the pond. JINGLE

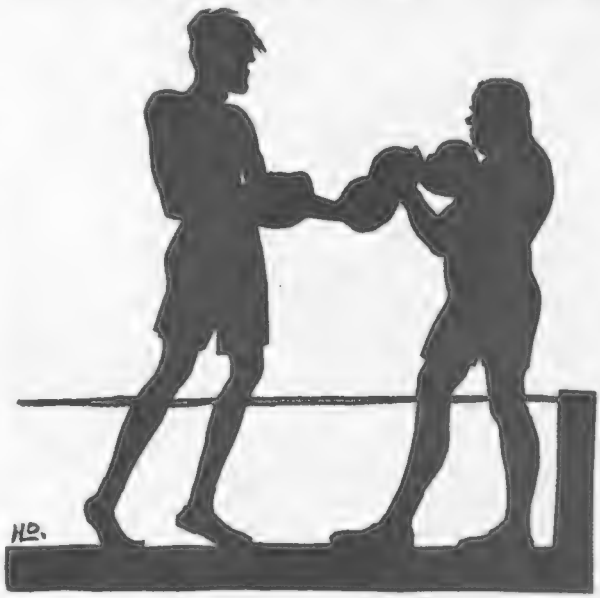
Back to Realities

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

WHY does Britain maintain an army on the Rhine? There are good reasons for the Occupation, but, in the opinion of one who once formed part of it, and is now "standing by," they are neither those given by disgruntled Germans nor officially given at home. Only those who study international politics know its real justification, but a careful perusal of Sir Philip Gibbs' new novel, *Back to Life*, will give a clue to those who are interested.

OCCUPIERS, past and present, find the book a fascinating reproduction of the spirit of those incredible days of the advance through liberated Flanders, with their wild carnival of happiness and moments of terrible vengeance. The attitude of the population in Cologne and that of our troops on our arrival has never yet been understood at home, and the guarded remarks of correspondents at the time gave little hint of the reality. It was something which heartened those who hoped to see a new world rise from the ashes of those four and a half years of cruelty, horror and agony which had changed the face of Europe and the hearts of her people. It inspired this book with its passionate call to youth to sweep away the cynical handiwork of the "tired old men."

CONSIDERED not as a novel, but as a record of history, it is vivid, and daringly true. Its accuracy is almost photographic, but there are occasional slips: Sir Philip writes of every man and boy being ordered to bare his head to every British officer in Cologne. This is strange, for Cologne was the only place in Rhineland where such an order was *not* issued by us. People who know say that it was due to the tact of the first British Military Governor, and the representations of Cologne's Oberbürgermeister that the ludicrous scenes referred to by Sir Philip in Cologne's narrow and crowded streets were avoided.



"The Americans are boxing with Rhinelanders in Coblenz"

By H. L. OAKLEY

"The readiness of British officers and men to give up their seats to women"

THE story of Elsa von Kreuznach in Book II is a far commoner one than stay-at-homes imagine — and the sequel in Book III is all too tragically probable in many cases. The unprejudiced nature of the Bystander in Occupation's praise may be gathered from the fact that his own novel laid in similar scenes is awaiting recognition of its merits by a publisher, and if anything could exceed *Back to Life* in——. (Thank you. Advertisement space is procurable at the usual rates.—EDITOR.)

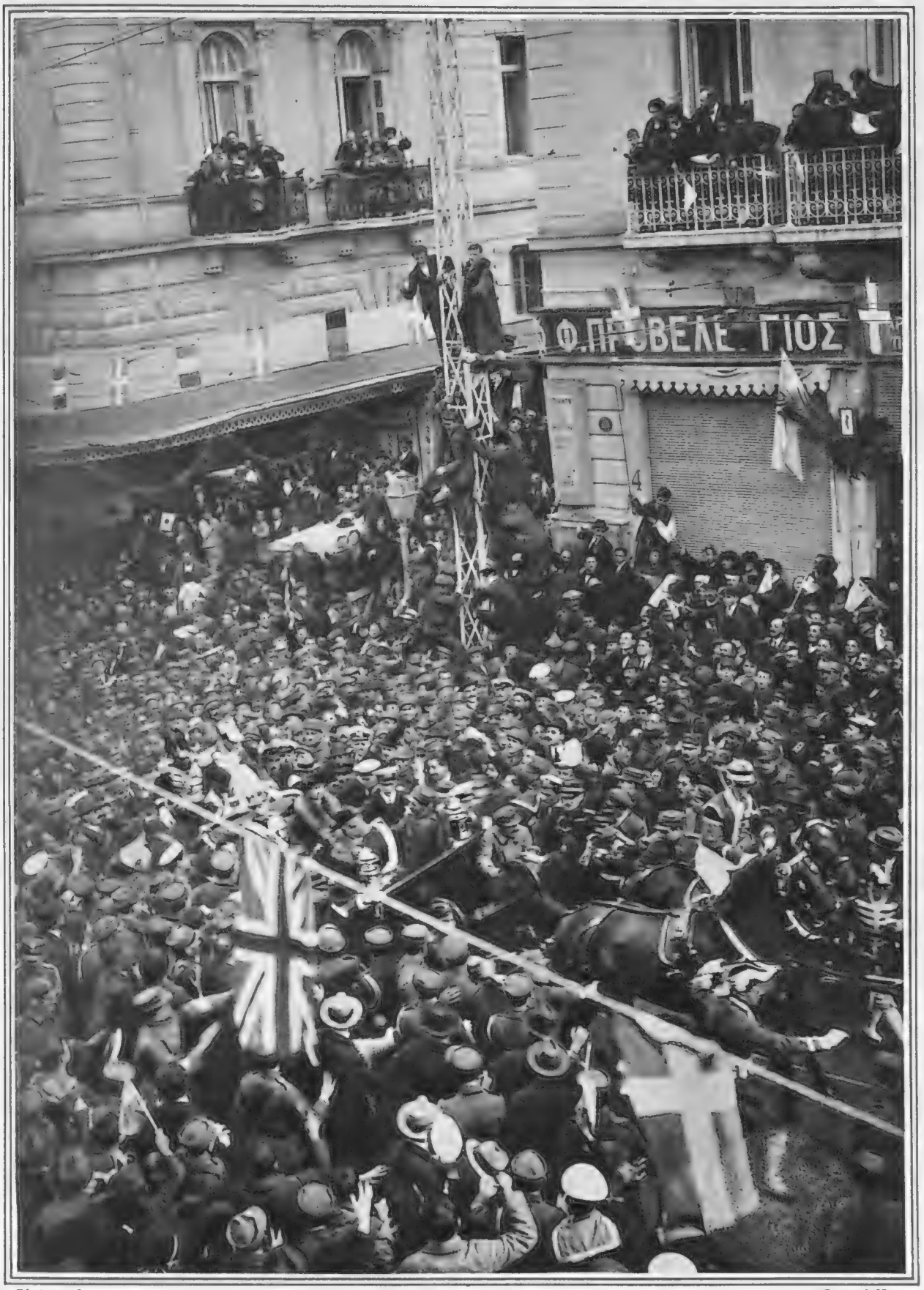
THE *Kölner Tageblatt* has just made a very frank admission. "The so-called highly-cultured young German frequently remained seated in the presence of ladies and old men, till the readiness of British officers and men to give up their seats to women shamed him into tardy imitation." The paper then comments on the instinct of fair play which led a Summary Court Officer to dismiss a charge against two Germans proved to have made sarcastic remarks in German about a British sentry, on the ground that the Britisher who overheard them and gave them in charge being in mufti, no "intention" to insult could be inferred.

THIS frank and plucky article—isolated as it is—is a good sign for Germany. There are other indications of dawn—faint, indefinite streaks and flashes, but——. Two weeks ago our military football team beat Vienna town; our military personnel in Berlin has played the Potsdam Reichswehr troops — the Americans are boxing with Rhinelanders in Coblenz, the Italians are asking for more Austrian children to feed —and now, one German paper at least forswears "Kultur" for English Culture.

ERIC GORDON

Tino Taken Back

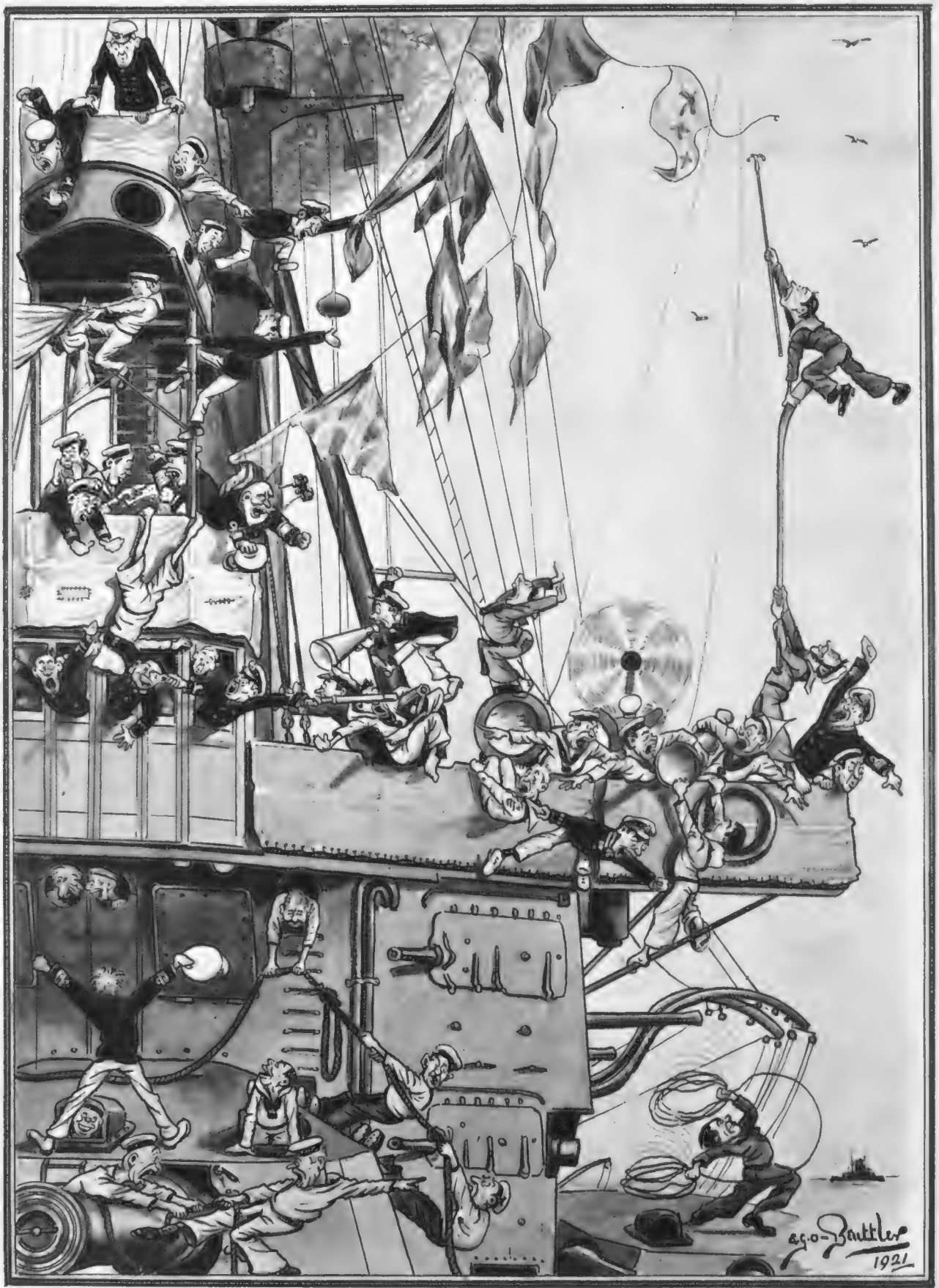
INTO THE ARMS OF HIS PEOPLE—OR AT ANY RATE SOME OF THEM



Photograph THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION *Central News*

This interesting photograph shows the arrival of the King of Greece in Athens on the occasion of his return from exile in Switzerland. In the carriage, which is, incidentally, just passing the Union Jack, can also be seen the Queen and Prince George of Greece

Our Peace-Time Navy



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. XII.—DOCKING H.M.S. LORD NELSON. A LITTLE NATURAL EXCITEMENT

HICKSOGRAPHS No. VI—"WHEN KNIGHTS WERE BOLD"

Bromley Challenor as Sir Guy de Vere. A medley of yesterday and to-day, resolving itself into a question of tin *v.* tin, decided by can-openers—of a sort. Don't expect a matrimonial mix-up, but look forward to looking backward a few hundred years or so

BITERS BITTEN

I.—BILL, JOE, AND A. N. OTHER

BY DELL LEIGH

ALTHOUGH the race is usually to the swift (except when the price or the weight is wrong) and the battle to the strong, it is not always so.

The last three weeks' racing had gone so steadily and persistently against the triumvirate of Bill Withers, Joe Alcock, and Harry Adams that it was a depressed trio who stirred double whiskies, with a slice of lemon and hot water, in the back bar of the Sackbut and Psaltery at the end of the last day of the Liverpool Spring Handicaps.

Now these three men, be it noted, had what Chief Constables and Borough Magistrates call "no visible means of subsistence." Their worldly goods were, for the most part, contained in suit-cases, worn by incessant travel and bearing labels of such places as Nottingham, Bradford, Lewes, Newmarket, Gatwick, and Newbury. For they lived in a close partnership by racing, and by that alone.

Unlike you and I, who have a bit on a horse occasionally, the triumvirate made it a very serious business indeed. And business was bad. In other words, their favourite bookmaker, Harry Hodder, of Hoxton, had been taking it off them in lumps. And they felt a draught.

Bill Withers took it most hardly.

"This 'ere 'Arry 'Odder 'as taken a lot more 'orf of us than wot we can stand for, an' I'm 'avin' some of it back, I give yer *my* word. I've bin thinkin'."

"Yes, your thinkin' is wot's done it," interrupted the morose Alcock from the other side of the fire. "That, an' Micky pullin' the grey right across Volatile in the 3.30 yesterday; you an' your *thinkin'*!"

"All 'same, I can tell you 'ow we can get some, if not all, of it back, an' that without layin' a shillin', nor going down to Noo-market, either. It's a slack week, nex' week. 'Arry ain't goin' down first day, told me so. 'Arry's very fond of a day's fishin', too. 'E told me that likewise. See?"

"No," muttered the other two, with appropriate epithets, and turned to their glasses. What Bill Withers then said caused them both to glance hastily towards the door and draw nearer their chairs to him who unfolded a get-rich-quick plan.

Now, although Harry Hodder was a prosperous bookmaker of a fair reputation, who had been years at the game, his heart was ever with trout streams or in any waters where fish browsed. He was equally successful as a fisherman, and he loved that game far more.

To him, therefore, comes the genial Bill Withers in the saloon bar of The Mermaid, and informs him that he and Joe are sick and tired of the Spring Meetings, and are going for a day's fishing on a brother-in-law's waters. He would like to come? Well, why not? Plenty of fish—delighted. Plenty of beer, too. A nice quiet day, right away from everyone.

Harry, the bookie, at the stern end of the punt with a bottle of Guinness and the sun well behind him, was a happy man indeed. Joe, in the middle, was catching them, too. But to the line of Harry came all the fat ones, and he expressed his gratitude to his benefactors in

BITERS BITTEN (concluded)

the vernacular. Bill Withers, up in the bows, had caught little, and had begun during the early afternoon to sigh open regrets that he had not gone to Newmarket.

A small man with ferret's eyes, leaning on a stone bridge a hundred yards upstream, watched the trio of fishermen, and spat thoughtfully into their waters. At a quarter to three he took from the hand of a boy a telegram, which he read slowly, and frowned. Then he took a champagne cork from his pocket, tied the telegram neatly round it, and dropped it very carefully over the bridge.

Bill inclined the point of his rod diagonally across the face of the waters, and drew something in. Then, with his back turned, he read the wire.

"Chickweed, even money," and he frowned.

Again at 3.10 came another cork bobbing merrily down stream.

"His Grace four to one," and again the bow fisherman frowned.

At 3.47 yet another cork slid down stream and was as deftly gathered in.

"Minneopolis ten to one," it read, and the man on the bridge was smiling into space. Presumably he was struck by the beauty of the day, and the peace.

"I can't catch nothin' 'ere now," grumbled Bill, sourly. "Wish I'd gone to Noomarket, after all."

"Get on with you," remonstrated the Bookmaker, removing a hook from the gaping gills of a half-pounder. "Wot more could any man want than this 'ere, I dunno. Cast farther out, the swim's over yonder."

"Yes," continued Bill, reflectively, lighting another pipe, "but I fancied an 'orse or two to-day. Wish I'd gorn. Wot do you say, Joe?"

"Aye, we might 'ave got a bit back to-day, there's no knowin'."

"Wot 'orse?" asked the Bookie.

"Well, that there Minneopolis filly, fer one."

Harry Hodder would have emitted a loud guffaw but for the presence of fish. Instead of which he snorted contemptuously. "Rank outsider, not an 'ope, my boy."

"Outsider or not, I should 'ave backed her, and backed 'er 'eavy."

"Same 'ere," put in Joe, "she's carryin' no weight worth speakin' of."

"Well," quoth the Bookie, with an eye ever to the main chance, albeit with a kindly feeling towards his hosts, who were in truth a couple of proper mugs, "why don't you back 'er? I'll take yer money," and he smiled down stream. He most certainly would, he thought.

"Orl right," responded Bill with the sudden impulse of one who has been losing heavily, "I'll 'ave a tenner on 'er, just fer luck like."

"Same 'ere," muttered Joe, "in fer a penny. . . ."

"That's a bet," said the Bookie, striking for another fish. "We'll get the evenin' papers at the station, I s'pose?"

They got the papers easily enough at the station, and the stop press news caused Bill to murmur "Well, I'm damned," in mild astonishment.

It was not until Harry Hodder sucked at his second pipe at home that evening that he began to think things. And even then he wasn't by any means certain.

How could he be?

DELL LEIGH

Photograph] **PAVLOVAS IN EMBRYO** *[Photopress*

Margaret Morris is renowned for the charming and original dances she arranges for her pupils, who are remarkably well trained in technique and execution. At the moment she is responsible for the production of "Jack and the Beanstalk," which is attracting large audiences to her theatre in Chelsea. The cast is composed entirely of children. The above, we understand, is the tale of "Amuzon," *très amusant*, no doubt

The Identification-Mark

BY WILMOT LUNT

"SO DIFFERENT FROM THE REST"

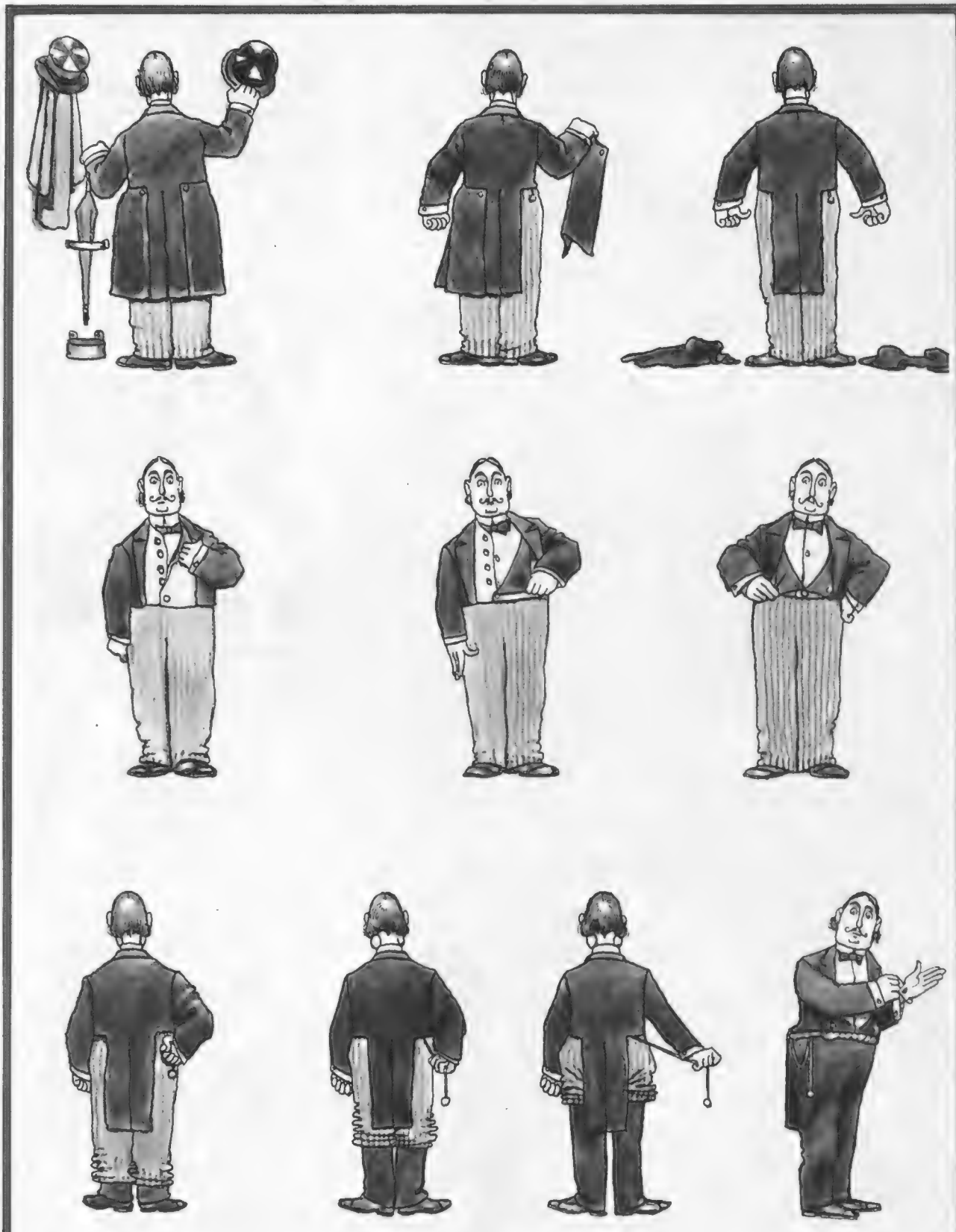
"That was my baby we just passed"

"However could you tell?"

"Oh, I recognised the nurse"

The Day-Dinner-Dance Suit

FOR THE BUSY MAN



BY HEATH ROBINSON

THE QUICK-CHANGE EVENING DRESS SUIT

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 10

DEAR COUSIN—

GOOD thing, isn't it, that people don't talk much about their ages any more? I mean, there was a time, wasn't there? when we were all quite strictly divided into compartments of years and ticked off accordingly. Up to eighteen or so you were an infant or an *ingénue*, by about twenty-four you were a bit *passée* if still unmarried, at thirty you took to caps, and *après ça—le déluge*, or, in other words, unmitigated, unrelieved, and irreproachable dullness.

卐 卐

NOW—what a change! Age doesn't really matter a bit. P'raps it's partly because of the War, but, anyway, people do seem to have rather begun to realise the shortness of life. Twenty or forty—*qu'importe?* The outward and physical difference of the two we can easily (or, anyway, laboriously) conceal by the latest treatment, and the inward or spiritual one is even more readily camouflaged. In fact, I'm not sure the average person wouldn't imagine, when they met them, that the "forties" are younger than the "twenties," if anything—not to mention the "'teens."

卐 卐

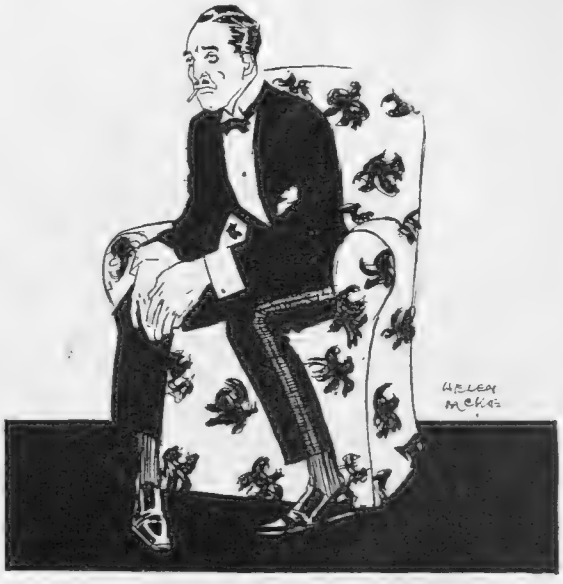
TAKE the case of our late-lamented holidays, for instance, or, in fact, any of our infrequent moments of relaxation and relapse into our natural selves. What do we find? Infinite and almost imperturbable seriousness of the very young, in spite of occasional bursts of riotous mirth—while their elders, the right kind, anyway, outdo them utterly in frivolity and complete disregard of the seriousness of life.

卐 卐

IS it, I wonder, because the aforesaid elders have realised, or at least are beginning to, that the aforesaid life is, as I have said, rather on the short side than otherwise? While their more fortunate juniors are still under the delightful delusion that everything goes on just as it is for ever and ever—amen! . . . And, consequently, can look on things with a much more judicial, calm, severe, and critical eye?

卐 卐

ANYWAY, *much* more reckless and *insouciant* celebrations of this Christmas and New Year and all the rest of it, as far as I could see, by the grown-ups than their children—or grandchildren. Infinite enthusiasm among the adults for the squeaky dolls or streamered caps or strident whistles or rattles that accompany the parties and dances of the season. Frantic joy at securing the right end of a cracker, or



"An after-the-holidays feeling"

acquiring the best of the favours distributed at the Grafton, or Ciro's, or the London Country Club.

卐 卐

PERHAPS it's partly, too, because the younger generation (fortunately) still looks on happiness and presents and lots of nice food and drink as an inalienable right, while we (alas!) have come to regard them as rather a rare and exceptional favour, to be cherished and honoured accordingly. And especially with prices still what they are, in spite of renewed promises of cheaper food and all the rest of it, which we'll believe in when we see them, and not one minute earlier, what?

"Their elders outdo them utterly in frivolity"

卐 卐

RATHER an after-the-holidays feeling prevailing now, though—even more than usual, in fact. 'Cos, after all, it *has* been rather an exceptionally long and more than usually celebrated holiday, this one. Never seen such continuous revelling in all my born days, I haven't, from Christmas onwards, with that joyous Chelsea Arts Ball and New Year's

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

Eve shows to carry on with, and ending up (if it really *has* ended) with Twelfth Night revels and things last week in most of the places where they (more or less discreetly) dance.

卐 卐

DULLISH affair, though, isn't it?—returning to the daily round, the common task, when you've been tasting the joys of unfettered freedom for a space, even if your liberty has been but short, as measured in mere ordinary terms of time. Sole and only consolation being that there are fellow-sufferers in the same boat—including even (in a week or so) the schoolboys and schoolgirls whose lot we are, those of us who (now and then) really and seriously work, so often inclined to envy.

卐 卐

STILL—there are, after all, one or two bright spots to give a gloss to life here in London now, even after the holidays. For those for whom they're really finished, that is. Though, of course, there *are* fortunate others whom the P.L.M. has still to whisk to the Riviera or the Swiss winter sports places (where the snow's started falling again), or who are bound for the warmer joys of Sicily or Algiers.

"The warmer joys of Sicily"

卐 卐

RATHER on the hardish side, life is here just now, it seems to be generally agreed. We are now in a less desirable posi ion, says one critic, and more heavily handicapped, than at the period immediately following the Armistice. And—remarks another—a man needs to be of a stout and cheery heart to view the prospect of the New Year with complacency. . . . The skies are charged with trouble, the thunder growls menacingly, the livid lightnings reveal a dark vastness of angry billows breaking over nasty snags. . . . Civilisation lies waterlogged, with shattered masts and scattered sails, distressfully helpless. . . .

"The income-tax people are doing us down"

THE unemployment problem apparently gets worse and worse, the income-tax people are doing us down on every hand, the revenue returns are dropping, the Huns are beginning to put it across us again, but—as someone, I believe, once remarked during the late War, are we downhearted? The answer, as far as I can see, is, once more, distinctly and definitely in the negative.

卐 卐

AFTER all, one can still purchase, as Mr. George Robey remarks in that delightful show *Johnny Jones*, sixpennyworth of almost anything nowadays for about twelve shillings. And even for less than that moderate sum, I believe, at the sales, which turned Oxford Street and places last week into a perfect Hades—I mean Paradise, of bargain-hunting women. Still, one can go (at a price) to theatres and dances, and they've even started yet another new dance club last week, the Knightsbridge one, at the Knightsbridge Hotel, which is to hold its *séances* every Thursday and Saturday, with the excellent Kendal Grimston quartette as a band.

卐 卐

AND already, in spite of rumours of unemployed riots and other troubles to come in the near future, they've begun their preparations for the official Court season of this year that's but just pushed off. Two evening "Courts," *on dit*, are to be held next month, with Levees at St. James's Palace to accompany them, and the Lord Chamberlain has already issued his solemn behests and instructions for the due regulation of these very pre-warlike functions—except that trains and feathers are still (luckily for the New Poor) cut out of the pre-war picture.

卐 卐

WONDERFUL people, aren't we? As the American doctor says in Sir Philip Gibbs' new book, *Back to Life*—you are more human, more various, more whimsical, than any race in the world. You decline to take life seriously. You won't take even death seriously. . . .

卐 卐

BUT why take life *too* seriously, after all? As some one else remarks in the same most intriguing study of life in and after the War, "it's no use fighting against the injustice and brutality of life." Stupidity, ignorance, barbarity, will continue among the multitude. All that any of us can do is to tackle some good job that lies at hand, and keep his own soul bright and fearless. . . . And a very good sort of kind of philosophy just to be going on with, too, what?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

An Explanation

is due again to the hundreds of Wine Merchants who are unable to obtain supplies from us because the "control" price leaves us *with a loss* on every case sold in the Home Market.

We trade for a profit, and no Government will induce us to do otherwise. Instead we will continue to cultivate our Export trade where we get the extra price that our quality justifies us in asking.

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

is older, finer, and therefore dearer than other Whiskies.

Doctors are calling for it.

Clergymen are calling for it.

"Dry" America is calling for it.

It is the Government's fault that many fail to get it.

HAIG & HAIG, Ltd. (Distillers since 1679).

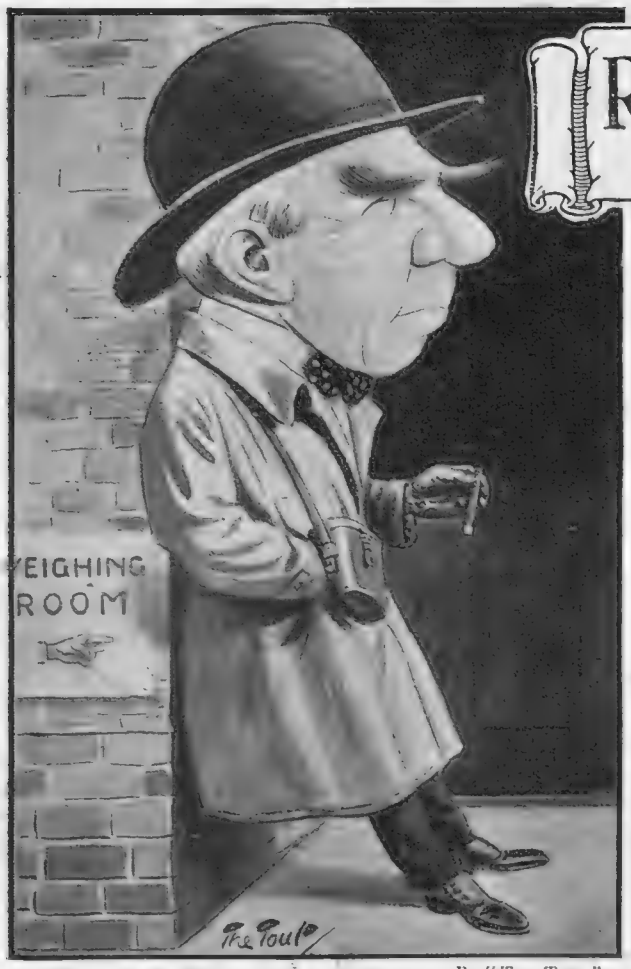
Head Office:

57 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1., England.

We are advertising only our Export Bottle at present. The Government controls the price of whisky so that there is no profit in the Home Market.

RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"



By "The Tout"

"BOBBIE"

Otherwise Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., is a personality without whom no jumping meeting is a complete success. Racing must be a family concern, for Lady and the Misses Wilmot are always in attendance, too. "Bobbie" lives at Binfield Grove and owns Hawthorn Hill, the sporting little Berkshire *venue* which adjoins his house

The National Favourite

THE first time I saw Always was at Aintree in the spring of last year, and I remember telling you in these pages to look out for him in the Grand National. I was much impressed by the manner in which he skimmed over the Liverpool country, and it did not need much discernment to perceive that one day this young horse would be a formidable competitor for the greatest steeplechase. Since then Always has not been beaten. His latest appearance was at Manchester last week. I think his trainer was not particularly sanguine, believing the horse to be short of a few gallops. The result was that he travelled badly in the market. I know a man who cheerfully laid odds on him and thought he had a good bet. But at the end Always was knocked out to "2 to 1" in the market, which looked decidedly ominous. In the race he soon relieved the anxiety of his backers. He showed there was nothing wrong with him and gained a most convincing victory.

His Chance at Aintree

THIS result will have the effect of making Always a stronger order than ever for the coming National. He lacks the size and magnificent range of Troytown, being of the stuffy, close-coupled sort. There can be no mistaking his jumping powers. I suggested to Jack Anthony that he would win the National after he rode the horse at Aintree in the autumn. "Yes; it's quite likely he will—if he stays," replied that famous horseman. So far Always has given no indication of lack of stamina, but, of course, he has never attempted anything so severe as the four and a half miles of big Liverpool country. All things considered, I regard his favouritism as justified.

The Derby

WAGERING on the Derby is beginning to settle down, and I notice that a Liverpool bookmaker, who does me the honour of accepting some of my modest little wagers, has made Monarch and Leighton joint favourites at 8 to 1. Public form contains no line as to the respective merits of these two colts. In favour of Leighton it can be advanced that he has won all his races with supreme ease. On the other hand, he has never encountered the class of the field which Monarch vanquished in the Middle Park Plate. I confess to having a regard for Alan Breck. I admit you could not back him for the Derby on his Doncaster running, but I am sure Sir James Buchanan's colt was right out of sorts that day. I prefer to estimate his merit upon what he accomplished at Ascot and Newmarket. If Alan Breck can get back to that form it will take a particularly smart one to beat him at Epsom.

A "Darkie"

THERE are some bold folk who are backing Westward Ho at long odds. I see this "dark" customer is quoted at 100 to 7 in my friend's book. That price does not attract me. I know Lord Glanely thinks a tremendous lot of the colt, but I doubt whether Westward Ho has ever accomplished anything on the trial grounds to encourage the hope that he is a genuine champion. True, a fabulous price was paid for him, but that does not necessarily ensure a great career for the colt in training.

Current Sport

CANDIDLY, the racing which followed the excellent meeting at Manchester was exceedingly tame last week. I hope to see an improvement at Windsor and Hurst Park during the next few days. "Joe" Davis usually manages to provide us with some real attractions, but with so many meetings at this time of the year there are hardly enough good horses to go round. The National Hunt Committee might well consider the advisability of restricting the number of fixtures in future seasons, which would do much towards obviating the fiasco of walk-overs, such as we had at Gatwick last week. At Hurst Park on Friday the New Year Hurdle Handicap may be won by **A.A.** For the Mitre Steeplechase on the following day my selection is **Garryvoe.**

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Followers of the Fernie

Some of the best-known followers of the famous High Leicestershire pack caught in caricature by "The Tout." Mrs. Fernie, who took her late husband's place in the Mastership, has shown excellent sport this season

SPORTS & PASTIMES

Photograph A HARLEQUIN PLAYER WELL TACKLED AFTER A BREAK-AWAY *Central News*

In the Rugby Match at Twickenham last Wednesday in which, after a fine game, the Harlequins beat the Royal Navy by 3 goals to 2. The Harlequins are the *bête-noir* of the Navy, who lost to them in the corresponding encounter last year, when they were expected to win. They lost again last week through failure to make the most of their opportunities, although on the actual run of the play they were rather the better side

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Chosen of England

THERE is, at any rate, one good point about the team which has been chosen to represent England against Wales at Twickenham on Saturday. The building-up of it has proceeded much more smoothly and with much fewer changes than usual. It is, in fact, with one exception, the side which was chosen to play against the Rest on New Year's Day, and that side differed but little in composition from the side which had previously beaten the South. All this, of course, makes for concerted action, which in " Rugger," as in all team games, counts for more than anything else.

Great Men of the Side

IN W. J. A. Davies we have a really great player, and he fills the position—which many regard as the most important on the field—of stand-off half-back. Moreover, believers in luck will rejoice that he is captaining, for he has proved a veritable mascot for England. Another great player is L. G. Brown, who leads the forwards, and is every bit as good as he was before the War. In addition to being a genuine hard scrummager he has the born footballer's instinct for turning up at the right place when the ball is at large.

The Forward Proposition

NOR can there be much the matter with the pack which he leads if such fine forwards as G. S. Conway and R. Cove-Smith, of Cambridge, or H. F. Waldock and V. H. Neser, of Oxford, have to be left out of it, to say nothing of C. H. Pillman, who, if not quite as speedy as he was, is still a brilliant opportunist. Moreover, he is extremely useful as an emergency back if one of the backs happens to get injured. But he is admittedly not a scrummager, and on Saturday every forward will have to shove his hardest. For although the final Welsh trial on Wednesday last was not a great success there can be no doubt that the forwards chosen as the result of it are a very hefty lot indeed. The forward proposition is in fact, the important one. The Welsh selectors are obviously not quite happy about their centre three-quarters, and if our men can but hold their own forward we may reasonably hope to have the advantage in the battle of the backs. There is certain to be a huge crowd at Twickenham. The reserved seats have been applied for thrice over.

Photographs *Sport and General*

LT. COMMDR. W. J. A. DAVIES, R.N. Captain of the English Rugby Fifteen against Wales on Saturday next

L. G. BROWN (Blackheath) the old Oxford Blue, and leader of the English forwards

A brief appreciation of these two great players appears on this page

CRICKET

A Slump in Rubbers

WE are now in the unenviable position of being two down with three to play in the Test Matches against Australia, and the side we are up against is better equipped than ours. Luck may win us one of the three remaining matches, possibly even two, but hardly all three, although cricket *is* a game of miracles. I was talking in the middle of last week to an old Sussex County player who is about

(Continued on page 100)

ROLLS-ROYCE

"What My Rolls-Royce Costs"

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, K.C.I.E., C.S.I.

"I can do no better than quote my own experience of many years with a ROLLS-ROYCE, of which I have kept careful accounts. If we assume petrol as before, at the price of 42d. a gallon, the cost of fuel at 14 miles to the gallon **(I often get well over 15 miles)** works out at 3d. a mile. Tyres, I find, average about 4d. a mile **(I have personally run at a much cheaper rate than this)**, and lubricating oil, maintenance of electric batteries, etc., 1d. a mile, or 8d. a mile in all. In the case of the ROLLS-ROYCE, however, I have not got to burden my figures for depreciation, for a **ROLLS-ROYCE is nowadays worth a great deal more to sell, even after two or three years' wear, than when it was obtained from the makers.** Of course, I admit this car is exceptional, and I may be pardoned, therefore, for saying that the **ROLLS-ROYCE of all high-powered cars is considerably the cheapest as well as the most delightful to run."**
—Lord Montagu in "Sunday Times," July 25th, 1920.

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as good as any man I have ever met at sizing up a cricket situation, and his verdict was "I don't see how we can possibly do it." He added: "But, of course, in cricket anything is possible." Yet he was evidently convinced that as far as England is concerned there is going to be a slump in rubbers.

The Test Match Habit

A good many people (and the friend whom I have just quoted is one) hold the view that no game is played as well in England to-day as it was before the War. While shirking—for the present, at any rate—the discussion of a question of such magnitude I am very much inclined to agree with them as regards cricket. The season just past has proved that as far as the game itself is concerned things are all right. But in our enthusiasm over the success of its revival I think we have rather lost our sense of perspective, and have failed to realise that as regards the actual standard of first-class play there are arrears to be made up. Nor is this, when you come to think of it, a matter for especial wonderment. I think, moreover, that in the War interval our players have forgotten how to play Test Match cricket, which differs from ordinary cricket. The Test Match habit is indigenous to Australia, but has to be acquired by Englishmen. In England just now we are—rightly enough—all in favour of the maxim "Get on or get out," because we are alive to the virtues of a time-limit. But it is a maxim which does not lend itself to the winning of matches which are played to a finish.

Photograph *Sport and General*

YOUTH CONQUERS AGE

A. H. Follett (aged 62) and L. Barry (aged 15) shaking hands after their race in the semi-final of the Barry Victory rum-tum sculling handicap at Twickenham, in which the boy, who is a nephew of Ernest Barry, won, with the aid of the "limit" start, by a bare length. He afterwards won the final

Something Wrong Somewhere?

And apart from all this one cannot get away from the impression that with the English team there is something wrong somewhere—a vague, but useful, expression which may cover lack of harmony, keenness, discipline, and any or all of the other essentials that go to make up a team which is a team in fact as well as in name. There are indications of something of the kind, which (making due allowance for journalistic enterprise) cannot be wholly ignored, but, for the present, at any rate, let us leave it at that. H.S.S.

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WITH AUSTEN'S COMPLIMENTS

VIRTUOUSLY QUALIFIED BY

H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

AUSTEN is rolling in money—mine and other people's.

A hundred million or so, more or less, is nothing to him. Unfortunately his flea-bites are our bugbears.

Austen is magnificently generous—especially to Winnie, who is certainly the most expensive person in the world to keep, and, strangely enough, one whose waste has never been pinched.

But the dawn of financial disaster looms ahead. And the dreams of our political Arabian Knights must end.

Austen has been taking thousands a year from me as a sleeping partner—75 per cent. of my profits (E.P.D. and super-tax)—and I have determined to evade the clutches of my grasping bedfellow.

Excessive and economically unsound taxation has crippled British industry and caused unprecedented unemployment, and to fight this prodigal squandering of the nation's resource we must control financial supplies.

If the next Budget is over £800,000,000, it will be a mythical Budget. *For the money will not be forthcoming.* Prices are now beyond the spending capacity of the public and innumerable traders are not making profits but *losses.*

The most dangerous national menace is unemployment. To solve this problem I have determined to forego for the present all personal profits, and produce clothes for my customers at cost prices.

Lounge Suits .. .. £10 10 0 net cash.
Overcoats .. .. .. £8 8 0 net cash.

These prices are quoted for the finest material manufactured, and for tailoring executed by the best craftsmen in England.

It is significant that at a time of the worst slump this country has ever experienced, my House is now doing the biggest trade in its history, and the hundreds of men dependent upon it are fully engaged.

Pope and Bradley is not a company, and there are only two partners, myself and Austen—one who works and one who sleeps. To maintain production I am giving up the 25 per cent. of the profits Austen so generously allows me, and he is going to give up the 75 per cent.

Personally, until the E.P.D. is removed, I am not, frankly, interested in the profits, therefore, I am making this offer with Austen's compliments. Here at least he will learn a salutary lesson in compulsory economy. And let us hope that he will pass the word to wanton Winnie.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
also ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

Mr. S. F. EDGE'S APPRECIATION of the 25 h.p. VAUXHALL

If you have formed a fine taste in motor cars, the 25 h.p. Vauxhall is a car built to please such as you.

Its refinement is expressed both in its performance and its appearance—and we doubt whether you could find a fault in either. Mr. Edge cannot, and he is a critic of acknowledged competence.

The one paragraph we quote from his recent article in "The Auto" is suggestive: it is not the kind of thing one writes lightly.

"I must once more emphasise my point that this is evidently a motor-car built by people who drive their own cars and know what a driving judge of a car wants, to feel content. The general lines of the Vauxhall are, to my eye, most artistic and pleasing. The mechanical details are all that the most exacting could demand. And the car as a whole, as a motor-carriage in which to drive or be driven, could not fail to impress the most critical. I should like to offer my sincere congratulations to all concerned in its production. No motor manufacturer aiming to get into, and remain in, the high-class car market should miss examining and trying the Vauxhall."

S. F. Edge

But we should like you to read all that he has to say about the 25 h.p. Vauxhall. Will you send a postcard asking for the S. F. Edge booklet?

The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington open car—seats 4-5	£1450
The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Salisbury limousine	£1750
The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Warwick landaulette	£1750
The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Sutherland cabriolet	£1750
The 25 h.p. Vauxhall-Arundel cabriolet (V-front)	£1725
The 30-98 h.p. Vauxhall-Velox open car—the fastest car of standard production—seats 4	£1675

The 25 h.p. Vauxhall is guaranteed for three years, and there is a free inspection service. Buying a Vauxhall is in every way a sound investment for a user of best-class cars—in first cost, in running expenses, in delightful service, and in long-wearing life.

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Vauxhall
THE CAR SUPEREXCELLENT

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

EVEN those BYSTANDER readers who may not always read the Logroller's page will be familiar with the work of Stephen Leacock—that most unusual of Professors of Political Economy. His latest examples of literary juggling appeared serially in this journal, and are now collected together, with additions, into book form. *Winsome Winnie and Other New Nonsense Novels* (Lane: 5*s.* net) is a sure cure for the dumps. It is to be recommended alike to responsible politicians, novelists, plumbers—especially plumbers—doctors, psychologists, and criminals. After reading it, you feel that if only *all* professors of Political Economy could go and do likewise the income tax would automatically descend to a shilling, or even a sixpenny, level, and the world would be a better and nobler and cleaner sort of place.

⁂ ⁂

IT is not always easy to continue a contrivance that has once or twice met with success, and in spite of his professorship Stephen Leacock is no more than human. His previous attempt at a humorous book contained many good things, but some of us thought that his burlesque of the Kaiser was considerably below his high-water mark. Here, however, to use an expression which I hope and believe is really Canadian, he "delivers the goods." Winsome Winnie herself belongs so unmistakably to the 'seventies that you wonder from which magazine the professor has purloined her. In "John and I" he lashes those modern and most gushing absurdities which disfigure so many of the magazines of to-day. "The Split in the Cabinet" is pure bone-marrow, and the mixed-up mystery which follows sounds the last note in Neo-Sherlockian research. The gem of the collection, however, is "The Kidnapped Plumber," which paints a society of the future. Here, no doubt, the Professor has made use of his politico-economical knowledge. The picture he gives us is one before which even Lenin might quail. But all these stories are gems in their way, and only go to prove what has now been suspected for some time, that Leacock is a public benefactor. And when he has delivered his last lecture and wasted sufficient time on matters of no artistic importance he must be brought over to this country and kept here, if necessary, by force.

⁂ ⁂

IT is good to see that Mr. A. Clutton Brock is collecting his literary, as well as his wartime, essays into book-form. That first article in the *Times* Literary Supplement is a feature of unusual excellence, and when Mr. Brock is its author you may be sure of reading wise things very pleasantly put down on to paper. In his *Essays on Books* (Methuen: 6*s.* net) he discourses on Shakespeare, the Brontës, Swinburne, Donne, "Erewhon" Butler, and several of the Russians, and after reading these sketches you ask, enthusiastically, for more.

⁂ ⁂

MR. SIDNEY FELSTEAD'S *German Spies at Bay* (Hutchinson: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) is not fiction, but fact. Fiction, in spite of the proverb, is sometimes stranger than fact, and although Mr. Felstead's revelations are thrilling and dramatic, they are hardly so strange as you might have expected. The German, however, may really have been far more stupid than was generally thought. For all that, the book has an interest of its own, if only because here you have the real truth, so far as it can be told to-day, and you can judge for yourself how far your favourite author of spy stories has had to depend on his imagination and how much he has taken from actual facts.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

A RISING STAR ON STAGE AND SCREEN

A charming portrait study of Miss Nora Swinburne, the clever young actress, who is rapidly making a name for herself in both stage and screenland. She is appearing in "The Betrothal," Maeterlinck's sequel to "The Blue Bird," which was produced quite recently by Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard at the Gaiety Theatre.

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MOTOR-NOTES

It would be very interesting to learn how many drivers of motor vehicles have applied to have "clean" licences given to them under the Roads Act, 1920, which received the Royal Assent two days before Christmas, so that it would come into force on New Year's Day. Under one of its clauses any driver who has not had an endorsement during the past three years can apply for a new licence at once upon which the old endorsements are to be omitted. Of course, one has to pay five bob to get this, unless the licence itself is due for renewal, but then, again, that costs five bob to renew it and "clean" it at one and the same time, so, as the sporting world expresses it, you have to hand over a dollar, anyway—and cheap at the price. For if anything helps to increase fines it is those horrible ancient endorsements, often undeserved, and written when the motor-car was anathema to every Bench of Justices, who called them "stink-pots" and other pretty titles of that description. At the same time, we all thank the Minister of Transport for this relief; some of the "boys" are wishing he had made it "two years' good behaviour" in place of three. Well, laddies, go round to Whitehall Gardens and persuade him to add a clause to that effect in the new Motor-Car Bill he is busy with to present to Parliament this year of Grace, 1921.

* * *

Bonnie Scotland is about to be invaded by the professional motorists who hope to persuade the native lairds and ironmasters, to say nothing of the whisky-makers and other indigenous industrial magnates, to buy motor-cars while the sales are on at Glasgow's Scottish Motor Show — and everywhere else, as a matter of fact. It is to be held in the Kelvin Hall, Kelvingrove, and opens on January 28 until February 5, inclusive. On the Sunday, Mr. J. Inglis Ker, J.P., F.S.A., will conduct a big party of visitors from the South to various antiquarian spots of interest, and give one of his illuminating lectures to explain to them their details, to say nothing about Bobbie Burns, which is to be the focus point of the story. Thank goodness "Jimmie's" lectures are never dry, so I expect he will get a big "house" up to capacity, especially as it is a labour of love with him. Many thanks are due to him for the restarting of his annual custom before the—but, there, it's about time we tried to forget about that inferno.

* * *

By-the-way, owing to a clerical error a few weeks ago, a certain silver mascot was wrongly described as the "Minx." It should have been the "Iris," which is made by Messrs. Thomas, Gray and Co. Old Hy.

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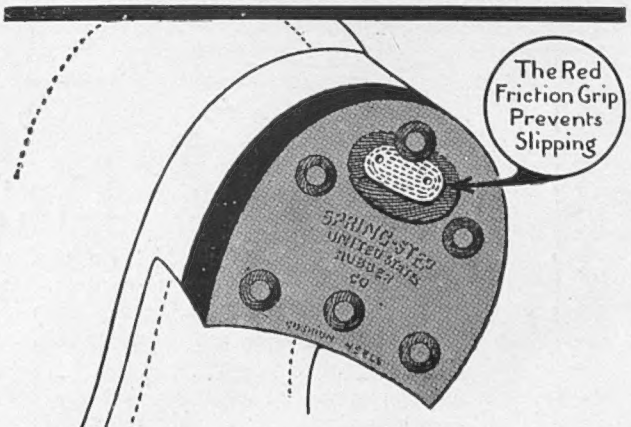

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